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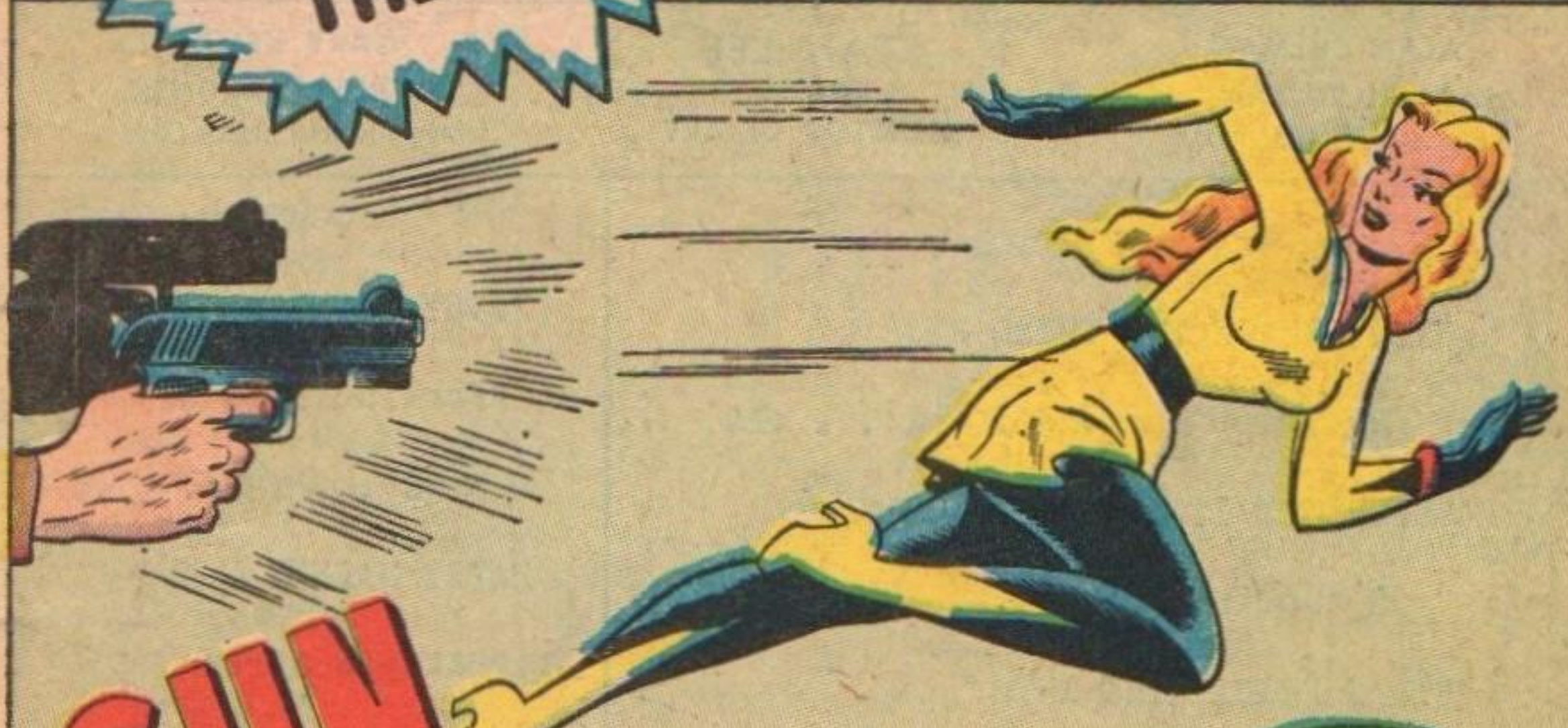

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FOOD FOR FUN

SUGAR SWEETNESS . . .

Now that we can have our sugar and eat it, too, let's indulge in that wonderful affair—Burnt Sugar Cake.

Caramelize ½ cup of sugar in a frying pan by stirring the sugar until it melts and is brown. Then add ½ cup of boiling water, and boil to a thick syrup. Set aside.

Cream 1½ cups sugar with ½ cup butter. Add the yolks of 3 eggs, and the white of 1. Beat well. Add a teaspoon of vanilla, and then beat in alternately a cup of buttermilk with 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda and a little salt, sifted together. Now add the caramel syrup, and ¾ of a cup of broken nut meats. Blend well. Bake in greased layer cake tins at about 350 for 30 minutes, and let cool before frosting.

To make the frosting, caramelize another cup of sugar as before, adding the half cup boiling water and boiling to a thick syrup. When it spins a thread, pour it over 2 stiffly beaten egg whites, and continue to beat until frosting consistency is achieved.

This one's sweeter'n honey!

TRUE OR FALSE?

It's best to skip roller skating "certain days" of the month!

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PATSY WALKER

OH, BUZZ! I THINK IT'S JUST ***WONDERFUL*** OF YOU TO TAKE PATSY TO ALL THOSE ***SWANKY PLACES!***

OH, IT'S NOTHING! (AHEM!)

YES, DADDY! BUZZ THINKS THAT NO PLACE IS ***TOO EXCLUSIVE*** FOR ***US!*** BY THE WAY, CAN YOU LEND HIM ***TEN DOLLARS?***

SOME SPORT! I WOULDN'T MIND IF HE TOOK YOU TO SOME CHEAPER PLACES--ESPECIALLY SINCE IT'S ON ***MY MONEY!***

"FOR THE LOVE OF BUZZ!"

3001

GOLLY, PATSY! I DON'T THINK I CAN TAKE YOU TO A MOVIE TONIGHT! I'M FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED! NO FUNDS! ***BROKE!***

OH, BUZZ! AND I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD FOR ***WEEKS*** TO SEEING DAVID DEAN IN "RETURN TO THE CASBAH!" HIS VOICE JUST ***TINGLES*** ME!

AW...I'M SORRY! BUT ANYWAY, IF WE STAY HOME I CAN GIVE YOU A ***PERFECT*** IMPERSONATION OF HIS VOICE! ALL YOU DO IS CLOSE YOUR EYES!

HA-HA-HA! IMAGINE *YOU* TRYING TO IMPERSONATE THE *GREAT* DAVID DEAN! *SILLY* BUZZ!

OH, YEAH? JUST LISTEN TO THIS!

MEANWHILE...INSIDE...

NOW HOW DID MY PAPER GET HERE? *WHAT* TH... WHY, THAT'S BUZZ'S VOICE!

MY DAHRLI-I-NG! YOU MUST COME WITH ME! OH, PATSY, I *ADORE* YOU! I WEEL TAKE YOU *AWAY* FROM ALL THIS, MY DEAREST!

WHY, THE YOUNG PUNK! WHERE DOES HE GET THE *NERVE* TO WANT TO RUN OFF WITH OUR PATSY! AND THE CORNY ROUTINE HE'S USING! WHY, I'LL...

HA-HA! NICE TRY, BUZZ! BUT FRANKLY, I *STILL* PREFER DAVID DEAN! SAY! I'VE GOT AN *IDEA*! I'LL GET *DADDY* TO LEND US MONEY!

OKAY, PATSY! I'LL SEE YOU LATER THEN!

BUT MEANWHILE...

DON'T BE SILLY, STANLEY DEAR! THEY WERE PROBABLY *FOOLING*! AFTER ALL, THEY'RE TOO YOUNG TO *ELOPE* AND...

YES, BUT DO *THEY* KNOW THAT? I TELL YOU, THAT POOR MAN'S CASONOVA IS PROPOSING TO OUR DAUGHTER!

HELLO! OH, DADDY, I'VE GOT SOMETHING OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE TO ASK YOU!

PSST-STANLEY! DON'T YOU *DARE* MENTION YOUR SILLY NOTION!

OH, ALL RIGHT!

2

DADDY, BUZZ IS BROKE, AND WE SIMPLY *MUST* HAVE SOME MONEY TONIGHT! I HOPE YOU'LL LEND US SOME!

I SHOULD SAY NOT!

THIS IS TOO MUCH! HE WANTS TO TAKE HER AWAY FROM ALL THIS, BUT HE WANTS ME TO FINANCE THE TRIP! GRRR!

B-BUT, DADDY! IT'S ONLY FOR...

NO! AND THAT'S *FINAL!* I'LL NOT HAVE THAT YOUNG PUP SQUANDERING *MY* MONEY! OF ALL THE NERVE! GRRR!!

WELL, IF *THAT'S* THE WAY YOU FEEL, *I'M* GOING TO GET A JOB AND EARN MY *OWN* SPENDING MONEY! AND AS FOR *SCHOOL*, I'VE GRADUATED AS OF *RIGHT NOW!*

NOW LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE! SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR!

WHAT A *MADHOUSE!*

YOU! HOW *DARE* YOU SHOW YOUR FACE HERE AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'VE CAUSED! DON'T THINK I DIDN'T HEAR YOU *PROPOSING* TO PATSY! I'LL HAVE YOU *ARRESTED!* YOU—YOU *CRADLE ROBBER!*

HUH?

AND AFTER BUZZ EXPLAINS ALL...

AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY! ALL WE WANT TO DO IS *SEE A MOVIE!*

OH, STANLEY! SOMETIMES YOU'RE EXASPERATING!

WELL, HOW WAS I TO... ER... UH... KNOW? HARUMPH!

BUT THE DAMAGE IS DONE! PATSY IS *QUITTING SCHOOL* TO GET A *JOB!* WHAT'LL YOU DO ABOUT *THAT?*

DON'T WORRY, DEAR! TONIGHT AT SUPPER I'LL TALK HER OUT OF THAT BY USING *NEGATIVE PSYCHOLOGY!*

THAT NIGHT... AT SUPPER...

IT'S A *GOOD IDEA FOR YOU TO GET A JOB! SCHOOL ISN'T IMPORTANT!* I *WANT* YOU TO LOOK FOR A JOB! YOU WON'T HAVE MUCH FUN, OR SEE YOUR SCHOOL CHUMS, OR GET ANY *LONG SUMMER VACATIONS*, BUT YOU WILL HAVE A FEW EXTRA DOLLARS! HA-HA-HA!

OH, I'M NOT GOING TO LOOK FOR A JOB...

'CAUSE I'VE ALREADY *GOT ONE! I START TOMORROW!*

HAL-L-L-P! WHAT? *WHAT?*

PSYCHOLOGY! BAH! NOW YOU'VE *REALLY* FIXED THINGS! SHE GOT *YOUR* APPROVAL TO *QUIT SCHOOL!* OH, YOU...

LATER...

ER-- MR. WALKER! I KNOW YOUR PROBLEM AND I THINK I HAVE A GOOD IDEA HOW YOU CAN GET PATSY TO RETURN TO SCHOOL!

ALL RIGHT! WHATEVER IT IS, THINGS *CAN'T* GET *WORSE!*

ALL YOU DO IS WRITE A LETTER ADDRESSED TO YOURSELF, SAYING THAT YOU'VE BEEN *FIRED!* TELL PATSY THAT SINCE *SHE'S* WORKING YOU WON'T BOTHER LOOKING FOR ANOTHER JOB! BUT WHEN SHE FINDS OUT HOW TOUGH IT IS TO SUPPORT A FAMILY, SHE'LL *BEG* YOU TO GET ANOTHER JOB AND *SHE'LL* QUIT *HERS!*

SAY, THAT *DOES* SOUND PRETTY GOOD!

LATER...

...AND PATSY DEAR, *PLEASE* DO IT FOR *MY* SAKE!

ALL RIGHT, MOTHER! I'LL GO BACK TO SCHOOL!

WELL, THAT'S SETTLED! OH, HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL STANLEY TO HANG HIS JACKET UP? I MIGHT AS WELL DO IT MYSELF!

WHAT'S THIS? *OH GOOD HEAVENS!* MY *POOR DARLING!* NO WONDER HE HAS BEEN SO UNNERVED LATELY! HE DIDN'T WANT TO WORRY US EITHER! I MUST *DO* SOMETHING! MEANWHILE, I'LL LEAVE THE LETTER IN HIS POCKET!

LATER...

PATSY, I'M AFRAID I HAVE *BAD NEWS* FOR YOU! THIS LETTER WILL EXPLAIN IT ALL!

OH, DADDY! YOU'VE *LOST YOUR JOB!*

I'M AFRAID WE'LL NEED *EVERY CENT* YOU MAKE NOW, PATSY! I'M NOT GOING TO LOOK FOR ANOTHER JOB FOR A WHILE!

B-BUT, DADDY! I'VE DECIDED TO GO *BACK TO SCHOOL!* HOWEVER, IF YOU THINK I *SHOULD* GET MY JOB BACK...

NO! NO! ER... I'M *GLAD* YOU'VE DECIDED TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL! I'M *SURE* I'LL FIND *ANOTHER JOB!*

WELL, DEAR! WE'RE GOING TO BE *ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY AGAIN!* PATSY'S GOING BACK TO SCHOOL!

YES, I KNOW, DEAR! I ALSO KNOW ABOUT THE *LETTER!*

OH, *THAT!* I MEANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT, BUT YOU LEFT SO SUDDENLY!

YES, BUT DON'T WORRY, DEAR! EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT! WE'LL MANAGE SOMEHOW!

MANAGE SOMEHOW? OH, YOU MEAN...

I MEAN, *I'VE GOT A JOB!*

HA-HA-HA! YOU GOT A J...J...J... *WHAT?*

I KNOW THIS MEANS OUR LITTLE FAMILY LIFE IS *UPSET AGAIN*, BUT IT'LL HAVE TO BE AT LEAST UNTIL *YOU* CAN FIND ANOTHER JOB!

B-BUT, DEAR! I CAN EXPLAIN! THAT LETTER WAS A *GAG* TO GET PATSY TO...

NOW PLEASE, DEAR! YOU DON'T HAVE TO TRY AND HIDE ANYTHING FROM *ME!* IT WAS SWEET OF YOU NOT TO WANT YOUR FAMILY TO KNOW, BUT WE'RE *ALL* IN THIS TOGETHER!

BESIDES, I KNOW YOU WOULN'T *DARE* PULL A *GAG* OF *THAT SORT*, BECAUSE YOU KNOW VERY WELL I'D *NEVER* SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN IF YOU DID! NOW LET'S JUST FORGET IT!

OH--ER... Y-YES! OF COURSE! HEH-HEH!

WHEW! I DIDN'T EXPECT ***THIS!*** I'D BETTER WAIT TILL TOMORROW WHEN THINGS COOL OFF A BIT! THEN I'LL SEND MYSELF ***ANOTHER*** LETTER SAYING I'M ***REHIRED!*** WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW, WON'T HURT THEM!

COME IN!

RING!

HI'YA, MR. WALKER! SAY, DID IT WORK? YOU KNOW, THE LETTER THAT YOU...

GULP!

...SENT TO... HUH?

JUST A MOMENT, BUZZ! HERE COMES PATSY, AND I HAVE A ***SURPRISE*** FOR YOU!

I WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS MONEY AND HAVE A GOOD TIME...ER... ***ON ME!*** HEH-HEH!

GEE WHIZ!

OH, DADDY! YOU'RE ***SWELL!***

PATSY! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY THIS, BUT FRANKLY, YOUR FATHER ***BAFFLES*** ME AT TIMES!

HOW D'YOU THINK ***I*** FEEL? I'VE KNOWN HIM ***ALL*** MY LIFE AND I ***STILL*** CAN'T FIG'IRE HIM OUT!

THE END

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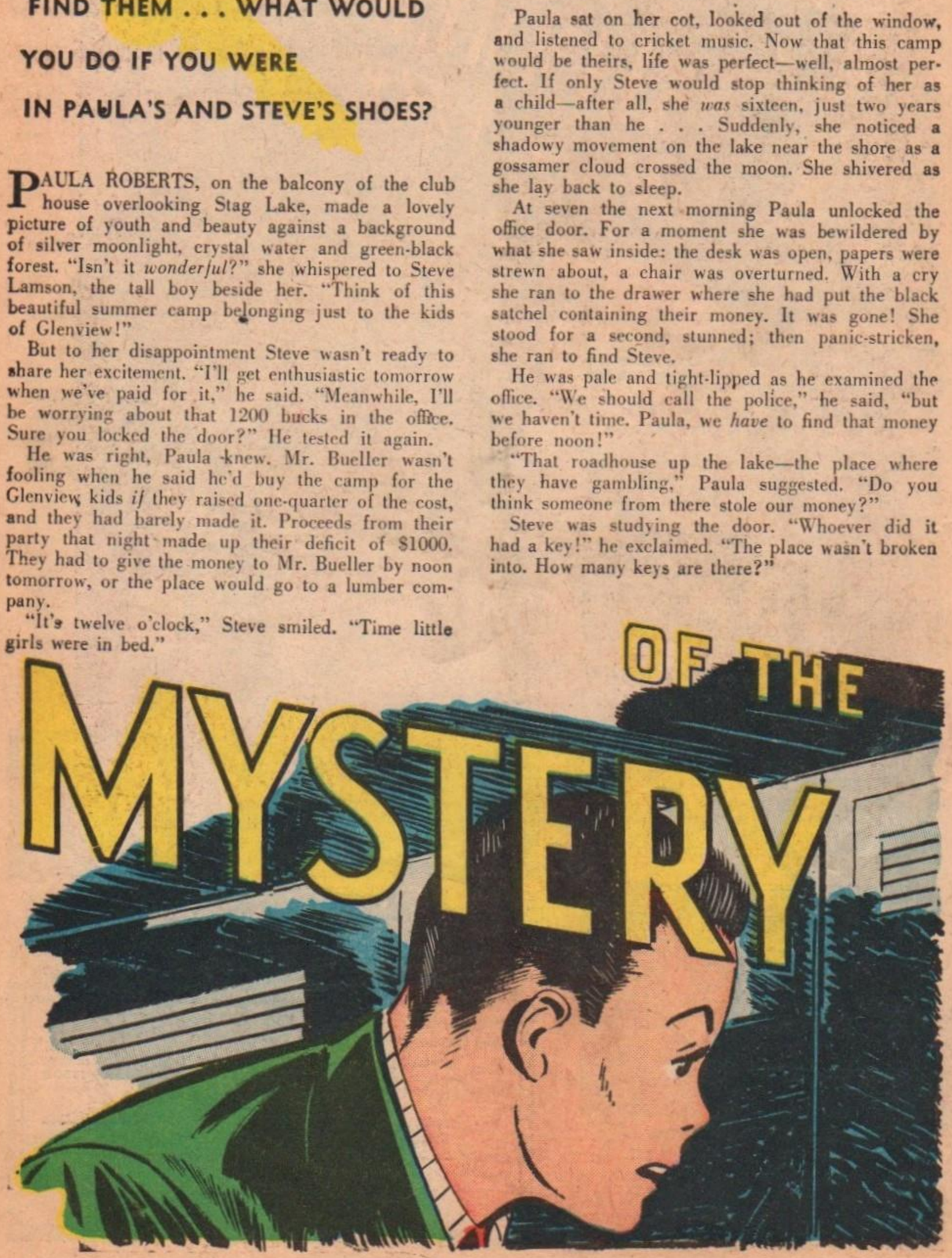
Waist size 38 and up. $4.98.

MISSING: ONE KEY, ONE CULPRIT, 1200 DOLLARS — FIVE HOURS TO FIND THEM . . . WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE IN PAULA'S AND STEVE'S SHOES?

By TRIPP HAMMOND

MYSTERY OF THE THIRD KEY



PAULA ROBERTS, on the balcony of the club house overlooking Stag Lake, made a lovely picture of youth and beauty against a background of silver moonlight, crystal water and green-black forest. "Isn't it *wonderful*?" she whispered to Steve Lamson, the tall boy beside her. "Think of this beautiful summer camp belonging just to the kids of Glenview!"

But to her disappointment Steve wasn't ready to share her excitement. "I'll get enthusiastic tomorrow when we've paid for it," he said. "Meanwhile, I'll be worrying about that 1200 bucks in the office. Sure you locked the door?" He tested it again.

He was right, Paula knew. Mr. Bueller wasn't fooling when he said he'd buy the camp for the Glenview kids *if* they raised one-quarter of the cost, and they had barely made it. Proceeds from their party that night made up their deficit of $1000. They had to give the money to Mr. Bueller by noon tomorrow, or the place would go to a lumber company.

"It's twelve o'clock," Steve smiled. "Time little girls were in bed."

Paula sat on her cot, looked out of the window, and listened to cricket music. Now that this camp would be theirs, life was perfect—well, almost perfect. If only Steve would stop thinking of her as a child—after all, she *was* sixteen, just two years younger than he . . . Suddenly, she noticed a shadowy movement on the lake near the shore as a gossamer cloud crossed the moon. She shivered as she lay back to sleep.

At seven the next morning Paula unlocked the office door. For a moment she was bewildered by what she saw inside: the desk was open, papers were strewn about, a chair was overturned. With a cry she ran to the drawer where she had put the black satchel containing their money. It was gone! She stood for a second, stunned; then panic-stricken, she ran to find Steve.

He was pale and tight-lipped as he examined the office. "We should call the police," he said, "but we haven't time. Paula, we *have* to find that money before noon!"

"That roadhouse up the lake—the place where they have gambling," Paula suggested. "Do you think someone from there stole our money?"

Steve was studying the door. "Whoever did it had a key!" he exclaimed. "The place wasn't broken into. How many keys are there?"

"Two," Paula answered. "Horace Bueller and Max Weston have them."

"But you have Horace's so he's out," Steve said. "Anyhow he spent the night on Bueller's Island. If he'd come across, we'd have heard him. That motor boat of his would wake the dead." He grabbed her hand. "Come. We've got to get busy."

A half hour later they were roaring across the lake in Horace's powerful motor boat. They had canoed to Bueller's Island where Horace, superintendent of their camp and nephew of the man who'd promised to pay for three-quarters of it, was nursing a cold. They told him only that their money was lost. Now they were approaching the beach on the other side of the lake.

"I don't see how Max Weston could be the thief, either," Paula said. "We couldn't spare them a boat last night so they're stuck there until someone calls for them."

To make room at the camp for party guests who stayed over, Max Weston, the new swimming instructor, and the swimming team had spent the night across the lake at the beach house.

"But if he did somehow have a boat, he'd have to hide it," Steve said, "so watch for a good hiding place."

The shore near the beach house was mostly smooth sand. At only one spot did rocks and trees approach the water, and this was where Steve headed.

Scrambling through the undergrowth was hard work, but they searched it methodically—and found no boat. Finally, they broke into a small glade, and standing there, motionless, watching them was Max Weston. "What are you kids doing?" he asked softly.

Paula thought fast. "Looking for botany specimens," she said.

"But we came over to get your key to the office," Steve added. "We need it for something important."

The swimming instructor eyed them suspiciously. But he handed Steve a key, then disappeared as silently as he had come.

"What was he doing there?" Paula mused when they were back in the boat again.

Steve shrugged. "He couldn't miss hearing

They were trapped. The sound of sweeping came closer and closer.

this motor." He studied the two office keys in his hand. "Surely one of these keys was used in the robbery."

Paula was still thinking—suddenly she stiffened. "I just remembered something," she exclaimed. "Before I fell asleep last night, I thought I saw someone on the lake close to the shore."

"From what direction?" Steve asked.

"The north."

"That suggests the roadhouse." In a moment Steve had the boat going full speed back to the camp side where the forest grew down to the water's edge. They landed on the overgrown north shore, and this time they had more success. In a clump of ferns Paula spied something shiny—a chain of four keys!

Examining them, Steve gasped. "Look! A *third* office key!" One of the keys from the chain, when laid over theirs, fitted perfectly.

"That means someone had a duplicate made and maybe dropped these on purpose," Paula said. "Max told me that he'd lost his and was going to borrow Horace's to have another one made. Do you suppose these are his?"

Steve looked excited. "Let's try to find out."

Again Steve drove the motor boat wide open, this time to the small village a few miles below the camp. In the general store they drew the proprietor aside. "Did you ever see a key like this?" Steve asked him.

The man studied it. "Yup," he said finally. "Looks like the one I made for a feller last week."

"Can you describe the man?" Steve asked quickly.

The proprietor thought hard. "Big feller. Light hair. Hadn't much to say for himself."

Outside Paula and Steve looked at each other. "Max Weston!" she exclaimed.

Steve nodded, but he was studying the key chain again. "Besides the office key there are two car keys and a locker key," he said. "Max has a locker at the beach house, but I'm sure he hasn't a car." He chewed his lip, thinking. "Paula, I've got a crazy hunch. I'm going up to that roadhouse. I'll drop you at the camp."

With a cry she ran to the drawer where she had put the black satchel containing their money.

"You will not, Steve Lamson!" Paula cried. "You're not dropping me anywhere, ever!"

Steve said nothing, but she noticed a new expression on his face that made her heart begin thumping strangely.

Fifteen minutes later they had moored the boat 100 yards below the roadhouse and were making their way through the woods to the grounds. The place looked deserted and somewhat eerie in the morning light. They found an open screen door at the back. "Where do you think you're going?" a voice yelled at them from inside. Then an ugly little scar-faced man appeared. "Beat it," he said.

"We're looking for someone," Steve said calmly.

"Who?" the man asked.

"I don't know his name. Big fellow, light hair. Hasn't much to say for himself."

"Lefty Schrim," the man said promptly, then hesitated. "I'll get him for you."

As soon as the man was gone, Steve whispered, "Keep them occupied while I see if these keys fit any of the cars around here." Then he disappeared.

A large, blond man came to the door. His eyes were beady and his smile oily. "Okay, cutie," he said finally, "spill it."

"I'm from the camp down below," Paula stammered. "We kids are trying to raise money to buy the place." Then she began a detailed history of their association with the camp, ending with a request for a donation.

The man's smile grew oilier. "Come in and we'll talk this over," he said.

A warning voice came from inside. "The kid had a boy friend with her, boss."

The smile vanished. Lefty's eyes narrowed. "Where is he?" he snarled. "What are you kids up to?"

Then Steve was standing beside her.

"Obviously, you're not interested," Paula said haughtily. She took Steve's arm, and they left. As soon as they were out of earshot, she asked, "Have any luck?"

Steve shook his head.

"I didn't think you would," Paula said. "I noticed Lefty's hands. They were soft. If he'd rowed to the camp, they would have been blistered."

"Well, our last clue is this locker key," Steve said. "We've got to see if it fits Weston's locker."

Thirty minutes later they were sitting in the boat near the beach house. Steve's discouragement was complete and his unhappiness bothered Paula as much as their not being able to find the money. "The key doesn't fit Max's locker or any of the others. I tried them all," he said.

Paula put her hand on his arm. "Don't feel too bad, Steve," she pleaded. "You've done marvelously —really you have."

He looked at her a moment, silently. "You know, Paula," he said, "you're rather wonderful! It took a lot of courage and brains to do what you've done this morning." He grinned suddenly. "And on top of that, you're beautiful." He started the motor. "Come on, beautiful, we're not beaten yet! We still have an hour and a quarter."

Paula was giddy with happiness. She took his arm. "Where to?" she asked.

Steve grew serious. "I've been kicking the idea around for the past half hour, afraid to face it," he said. "That locker key. The only other place for swimming is at the roadhouse. It probably has lockers. *I'm* going to see."

"*We're* going to see," Paula said in a voice which allowed no argument.

They went first to Bueller's Island to leave the boat so that Horace could get across in time to meet his uncle. Then they canoed up to the roadhouse and approached it from the north side, hiding in the undergrowth at the edge of the lawn.

"What did I tell you?" Steve said, pointing.

On the side of the house Paula saw a door over which a sign read, *Dressing Rooms*.

"What if someone sees us crossing the lawn?" Paula asked.

"That's the chance we take. Come on."

It seemed to take hours to cross those twenty yards. Every second Paula expected to hear a shout and see Lefty's evil face. But finally they reached the door. Steve pulled her inside quickly. The room was empty. At one end stood several rows of lockers. Just as they reached the first row, an inside door opened and slammed. Someone else was in the room.

Paula and Steve froze against the lockers. She thought her heart would burst. Then Steve pointed to a mirror. In its reflection they could see a porter sweeping the floor, moving methodically toward them. Obviously, he would sweep the aisles between the lockers. They moved to the next aisle just in time to avoid being seen by him. A moment later they had to move to the next, and then the next. They found that the last aisle was closed at the end. They were trapped. The sound of sweeping came closer and closer. It was just around the corner from them.

Suddenly a voice from upstairs yelled, "Hey, Joe."

The porter shouted back, "Coming," and he shuffled away.

Paula fell against Steve, almost hysterical with

relief. He shook her. "Hurry!" he whispered. "Find locker 101."

A minute later they found it. The key slid in easily and turned. Steve swung the door open. At first it seemed empty, but then they saw it—the black satchel! Steve grabbed it and flipped it open. The money was there! At that moment they heard steps coming their way. They reached the outer door just as the inner one opened again. Throwing all caution to the winds, they raced for the cover of the trees. Paula was sobbing for breath when they reached the canoe, but Steve sent it far into the lake with one great shove.

It was fifteen minutes before Paula's trembling stopped and they were far enough away to have no fear of pursuit. Steve paddled silently with long, powerful strokes. "We have twenty-five minutes," Paula said, looking at her watch.

Steve's lips tightened, and he pulled harder. Paula moved to the front and began paddling, too. The canoe skimmed along the water. Twenty minutes. They could see the camp. Fifteen minutes. With a cry Paula pointed to the club house—a car was drawing up in front of it.

Five minutes later they burst into the office. Horace and his uncle were there. "You've found it!" Horace exclaimed.

Steve nodded.

Mr. Bueller stood up. "I understand you lost your money," he said. "What happened to it?"

"Sir," Steve replied, "your nephew stole it."

Horace gasped and jumped up. His uncle's eyebrows climbed.

"Max Weston lost his key to this office," Steve continued. "He had a duplicate made, but somehow Horace found the original. Last night he said he had a cold and couldn't come to the party. He waited until our lights were out, then paddled over in a canoe."

"This is preposterous!" Horace shouted.

"He got our money and hid it in his locker at the roadhouse up the lake."

"This is some kind of trick!" Horace cried.

"You dropped your keys, but we found them *and* opened the locker! Our money was there. It's easy enough to prove who has locker 101. Also, if you paddled from the island last night, your hands should be blistered like mine. Show us your hands."

Horace paled. He clenched his fists, but he said nothing.

"Besides, you couldn't have known our money was in that black satchel," Paula added, "but you recognized it when we came in."

"Why did you take their money, Horace?" his uncle asked softly.

Horace groaned. "I needed it," he said. "I'd been gambling."

"You go back to the lodge," Mr. Bueller said sternly. "I'll speak to you later."

When Horace had gone, Mr. Bueller took out his checkbook. "I'm going to pay for the whole camp," he said. "I think I owe you that. You can do what you want with the quarter you earned. But just leave Horace and that roadhouse to *me*." When he finished writing the check, it was exactly four minutes to twelve.

. . . Paula, sunbathing on the pier, added the perfecting touch to the beauty of Stag Lake. Her face reflected happy thoughts of a party which the grateful camp was planning in Steve's and her honor. "I think," she said to him, "we should use that extra money for an option on more land. This place is obviously too small for my admiring public."

She found herself lifted suddenly into the air and then dropped into the icy water. "The only new option," Steve said, grinning down at her, "will be the one I've decided to take out on *you*!"

THE END

PATSY WALKER

HEDY *SAID* HER FACE WOULD BE IN *MOVING PICTURES!*

CRASH!

MOVING VAN

BANG!

"PATSY'S SCREEN DEBUT!"

3231

OH, NANCY, *LOOK!* HERE'S A STORY ABOUT A TEEN AGE GIRL WHO WON A *FREE* TRIP TO *HOLLYWOOD!* SHE'S GOING TO VISIT *ALL* THE *STARS!*

GOLLY! IS *SHE* EVER THE LUCKY ONE!

SCREEN NEWS

IMAGINE THE THRILL OF SEEING ALL THE BIG STARS MAKING MOVIES! GOSH, I WISH *WE* COULD GET A BREAK LIKE THAT!

IT WOULD BE *WONDERFUL!* AND YOU CAN NEVER TELL, MAYBE THAT *MIGHT* HAPPEN TO US *SOME DAY!*

HA-HA! *IMAGINING* IS ABOUT ALL YOU TWO SQUARES WILL EVER *DO!* THE ONLY WAY YOU TWO WILL *EVER* GET TO HOLLYWOOD, IS IF TARZAN RUNS OUT OF *MONKEYS!*

WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T *MISS SOURPUSS* OF 1948!

AS FOR *YOU,* MISS WOLFE, I DON'T THINK *YOU* COULD PASS A SCREEN TEST FOR AN *ANIMATED CARTOON!*

IS THAT *SO?* I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT I'VE BEEN TOLD I'M *VERY PHOTOGENIC!* IN FACT, I CAN GET MY PICTURE ON THE SCREEN AT THE BIJOU *ANY* TIME I *WANT!*

YOU ON THE SCREEN AT THE *BIJOU?* HA-HA-HA! PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME *LAUGH!* IF YOU COULD DO THAT, THEN I COULD BE IN A PICTURE WITH *VAN HANSON!* HA-HA-HA!

THAT *DOES* IT! I'LL MAKE YOU *EAT* THOSE WORDS, PATSY WALKER!

IN FACT, I SHALL BE SURROUNDED BY *CELEBRITIES!* AND YOUR *FACE* WILL *GLOW* IN THE DARKNESS OF THE MOVIE THEATRE FROM *EMBARRASSMENT* WHEN THE GANG SEES *ME* ON THE *SCREEN!*

I'M NOT WORRIED! I THINK YOU'VE BRAGGED YOUR WAY INTO SOMETHING YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GET YOURSELF *OUT* OF!

POOR, POOR PATSY! SHE'S *ALWAYS* UNDER-ESTIMATING ME! BUT THIS TIME, SHE'S REALLY GOING TO GET WHAT SHE *DESERVES!*

LATER...

HELLO, DADDYKINS! MAY I SPEAK TO YOU A MOMENT?

NOT NOW, HEDY! I'M VERY BUSY MAKING PLANS FOR THE DINNER PARTY WE'RE HAVING NEXT MONTH!

THAT'S *JUST* WHAT I WANT TO TALK ABOUT! THIS PARTY IS FOR *PUBLICITY*, ISN'T IT?

OF COURSE! EVERY LEADING POLITICIAN IN TOWN WILL BE THERE! I INTEND TO GET A GOOD DEAL OUT OF IT! YOU DON'T FOR A MOMENT THINK I'D FEED THAT HUNGRY MOB FOR *SOCIAL* REASONS, DO YOU?

WELL, IF YOU REALLY WANT *PUBLICITY*, I SUGGEST YOU INVITE THE *NEWSREEL* PEOPLE! THEN THE WHOLE TOWN WILL SEE JUST HOW IMPORTANT THE *WOLFE* FAMILY IS!

SAY, THAT *IS* A GOOD IDEA! I'M SURE IF I SLIP THEM A FEW BUCKS, THEY WON'T EVEN *HESITATE* COMING!

OH, DADDY! THAT'S WONDERFUL! I'M *SURE* IT'LL BE WORTHWHILE!

SURE! AND I THINK IT'S VERY SWEET OF YOU TO BE SO INTERESTED IN *MY* POLITICAL AMBITIONS! WHO KNOWS BUT THAT THIS MAY LEAD TO MY BECOMING *GOVERNOR* OR *SENATOR*, OR EVEN--AHEM--*PRESIDENT!* THE PROPER PUBLICITY CAN DO IT, Y'KNOW!

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER SECTION OF CENTERVILLE...

BUT WHY DO WE HAVE TO COME TO THIS *PARTICULAR* TOWN?

BECAUSE THE PRODUCER INSISTS ON ABSOLUTE *REALISM* IN THIS PICTURE! THERE'S ONLY ONE SCENE IN A TYPICAL AMERICAN TOWN AND CENTERVILLE IS *PERFECT* FOR THAT!

PERFECTION PICTURES

PERFECTION PICTURE LOCATION TRAILOR #6

22

6493

A LITTLE LATER...

ALL RIGHT, BOBO, I'VE GOT MY COSTUME ON! WHERE DO WE *START?*

ALL WE WANT IS A NATURAL LOOKING SHOT OF YOU WALKING DOWN THE STREET AS IF YOU WERE AN ORDINARY CITIZEN! NO ONE WILL RECOGNIZE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT! WE'LL USE OUR TELESCOPIC LENS SO NOBODY WILL *SUSPECT!* IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT HAPPENS AS LONG AS IT *LOOKS REAL!*

PERFECTION PICTURE LOCATION TRAILOR

NOW GO *TO* IT! WE'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH IN TIME TO RELEASE THE PICTURE *NEXT MONTH!*

OKAY!

3

AND AT THIS MOMENT...

HEDY SURE TRIES TO BE A BIG SHOT ALL THE TIME! BUT THIS TIME SHE *REALLY* GOT HERSELF IN HOT WATER WHEN SHE SAID SHE'D BE ON THE SCREEN AT THE BIJOU!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT *THAT,* PATSY! HEDY'S PRETTY *SINISTER!* I'LL BET SHE HAS SOMETHING UP HER SLEEVE!

HA-HA! DON'T BE *SILLY!* HOW COULD SHE *POSSIBLY*--OOPS!

OOF!

I BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS! I SHOULD BE MORE *CAREFUL!*

OH, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT! IT WAS AN *ACCIDENT!*

MY! WASN'T HE *HANDSOME?*

YES, AND HE LOOKS SO *FAMILIAR,* TOO! BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO *PLACE* HIM!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, THE GALA DINNER PARTY TAKES PLACE AT THE WOLFE HOUSE...

NEWSREELS INC.

AND A FEW DAYS LATER...

HELLO, PATSY! WELL, PREPARE FOR A SHOCK! RIGHT NOW AT THE BIJOU THEATRE YOU CAN SEE ME ON THE *SCREEN!* I GUESS YOUR FACE IS RED *NOW!*

I DON'T *BELIEVE* IT!

LET'S GO AND *SEE!*

4

AND AT THE BIJOU. . .

NEWSREELS INC. PRESENT LOCAL BUSINESSMAN, J.B. WOLFE AND HIS CHARMING DAUGHTER, HEDY, ENTERTAIN CELEBRITIES AT THEIR LAVISH HOME

LOOK! IT *IS* HEDY!

AND THE *MAYOR!*

AND A HOST OF *OTHER* CELEBRITIES!

WELL, MISS WALKER, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY TO *THAT?* HA-HA! THEY CERTAINLY WOULD NEVER PICK A *NOBODY* LIKE *YOU, PATSY,* TO APPEAR WITH *CELEBRITIES!*

WELL, I-I...

PATSY! EVERYBODY, LOOK!

IT'S PATSY!

AND SHE'S IN *VAN HANSON'S ARMS!*

OOOH!

PATSY! MAY I HAVE YOUR *AUTOGRAPH?*

YOU NEVER *TOLD* US!

HOW DID YOU *DO* IT?

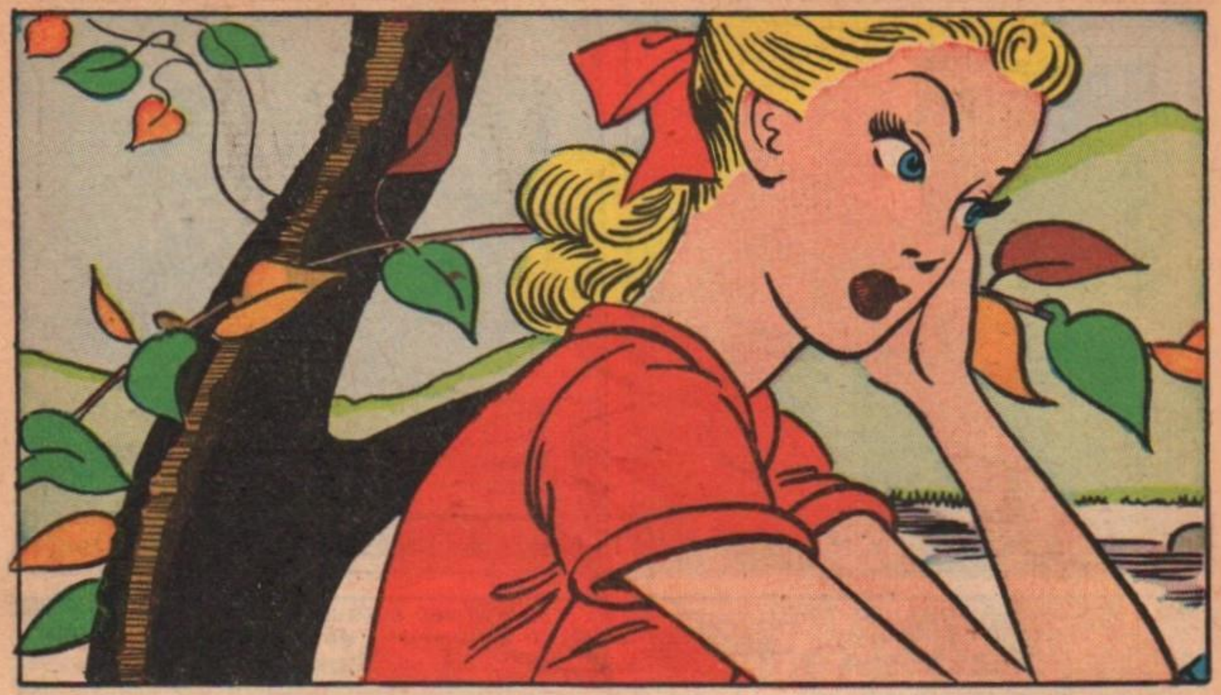
I--I--WELL, I *REALLY DON'T KNOW!*

WELL, HEDY, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT A *"NOBODY"* LIKE *ME* APPEARING WITH *CELEBRITIES?*

SAVE YOUR *BREATH!* SHE *CRAWLED* OUT SOME TIME AGO!

5

THE END



WHEN YOU'RE VACATIONING IN BEAUTIFUL LAKE COUNTRY, YOU DON'T EXPECT PROBLEMS. BUT MARGE HAD ONE — AND SHE HAD TO MAKE A CHOICE SOON!

SUDDENLY IT'S LOVE

By
DORIS BOVEE

THE lump in Marge's throat grew bigger with each step she took up the observation tower. As she stopped on the fourth landing, her eyes followed the entire length of the clear blue waters of Lake Itasca to where the mighty Mississippi began its long journey across the continent. Here was beauty, here was romance—and Marge was lonesome.

"Why the glum look?" her friend Judy inquired as she puffed up to her. "Don't tell me you're lonesome here! Forestry students, forest rangers, campers—what more do you want?"

"Well, it's just that no one . . ." began Marge.

"No one likes the things you do," finished Judy. "When are you going to learn that boys are interested in dancing and swimming, not mooning over poetry and nature?"

"It isn't as if I don't enjoy those things. I do. But it isn't enough," blurted out Marge.

"Then you'll have to watch the moon with some old sad sack. Interesting boys don't go for that stuff." In disgust Judy started up the next flight of stairs. Halfway up she called back, "What's more, you're cute enough so no one would suspect if you'd just try to forget it all."

Marge couldn't help smiling. It was true that her long smooth blond hair, blue eyes, and trim figure caused many an appreciative whistle. "Guess I just like the wrong things," she reflected bitterly as she followed Judy.

When Marge pushed open the door into the tower room, Judy was already in earnest conversation with the tower man.

"Marge, you can't imagine the number of lakes in this park. Just look at this map," Judy gurgled as she pointed to the map the two of them were studying. "Dick says there are almost twenty of them!"

Marge realized quickly that Judy's enthusiasm wasn't inspired entirely by nature. She had already learned the tower man's name, and his dark handsomeness made even Marge's heart miss a beat. He was the assistant tower man for the summer, he explained. It was a part time job while he attended the Forestry School.

"Your work must be wonderfully interesting," Marge said.

"There's nothing better," he returned. "But I wish I'd gotten a tower deeper in the park. Too many tourists come to this one."

"But wouldn't you get lonesome?" Marge questioned.

"Lonesome? With the whole beautiful world lying at my feet?" He laughed, but his eyes were serious as they searched hers. "I like to be alone, don't you?"

Marge hoped he read the answer in her eyes for before she could pour out her longing a party of tourists entered. As the two girls left, Marge felt his eyes were still questioning her as he smiled good-by. It wasn't much to build a dream on, but it kept her hopes high throughout the day. Perhaps sometime . . .

She was still in a happy mood that evening as she and Judy went to the park store for malteds. As they sipped from their straws, Marge searched the gay dancing crowd for Dick. Suddenly she saw him breaking through the dancers toward her, and her heart gave a giddy whirl.

Someone was playing a waltz on the juke box. And when Dick said, "I love waltzes," she wasn't surprised. "So do you, don't you?" he added, and everything was perfect. Unlike most boys, he didn't break the spell by a line of ceaseless chatter. He spoke only once again, as he guided her to her chair. "We'll have to have another, won't we?" he smiled. Yet she felt she understood him better than the boys who gave her a complete account of themselves in one dance.

The next four dances were a dizzy whirl of fast pieces, but not so fast that Marge didn't notice that Dick sat out two of them and danced the other two with a pretty brunette.

"You've got competition, Marge," Judy managed to whisper. "And she seems to be a nice girl."

"That's the trouble," sighed Marge. "If she were only a little less poised or not quite so pretty, I wouldn't have to worry."

Then matching her mood, somebody's nickel chose another romantic waltz. But the plaintive notes weren't half as sad as Marge's heart. She kept her

eyes on the floor as she tapped out the languorous rhythm of the waltz. "Funny that pair of brown shoes in front of me doesn't move," she mused. She lifted her eyes, and there was Dick.

"The waltzes are ours, aren't they?" he was saying.

"You mean all of them?" Marge asked incredulously.

"There's no one else I'd rather dance them with," he said, and Marge thrilled to the sincerity in his voice. But there were no more waltzes that evening, for Dick left after the next dance.

"He could have said good-by," Marge bitterly told herself as she lay staring into the darkness of her bedroom that night. "But at least he didn't take the brunette home," she thought, and felt somewhat reassured.

She awoke the next morning with the same reassurance, and her gaiety mounted as the day continued. "You're certainly in a better mood since Dick got a crush on you," Judy teased, as the two girls walked to the beach for a swim that afternoon. "And I really believe that guy could go for poetry!"

Marge laughed happily as she dashed into the water. "And you said I'd have to be content with some old sad sack!"

"It's so beautiful here!" she exclaimed later. "I'm glad we can enjoy it all without being expert swimmers." They were lying on the warm sand after their dip, watching the crowd on the diving raft, all of whom seemed to be born swimmers. The only chance Marge and Judy had to learn was during brief vacations at the lake.

"Look, that's Dick diving!" Judy pointed to a dark brown body that shot off the highest board. They watched his dark head reappear above water as he headed toward the raft. Amid the cheers of the others, he again mounted the ladder to the highest landing. This time a girl was with him. "The girl he danced with!" Marge exclaimed.

Fascinated, she watched the girl poise herself and, like a bright red bird, fly through the air. In a second Dick followed her; and laughing, the two reached the raft at the same time. Marge's heart was a chunk of lead as she watched them. Now Dick was on the board, demonstrating a jackknife dive. Then he was on the raft encouraging the girl to try it. Marge stayed only long enough to see that after very few tries she could do the dive almost as well as Dick.

"Well, that's that," Marge said to Judy as they climbed the hill to their cabin. "She's pretty, she's poised, and she can dance and dive. What chance for me?"

Judy for once was understanding. "Gee, Marge, I'm really sorry." Then she added belligerently, "But don't ever think she's better than you. It's not your fault you can't dive. Most likely she comes from a big city where they teach it in school."

But Judy's kindness brought no comfort. Marge knew there was only one way she could find calmness now. She'd have to go for a walk, and she was glad when Judy didn't offer to come along.

Marge's chin was high as she walked down the small trail that led to one of the numerous springs in the park. No one would know how low her spirits were. It looked as if Judy were right. She'd have to give up searching for someone who liked the quiet things as much as she did. "In fact," she said to herself as she sat down by the spring, "I'd better give up this mooning or I'll lose the friends I already have!"

She lay on her back in the thick bed of pine needles and watched the clouds as they floated lazily by. The spring made soft music as it pattered over its stony bed, and a robin called softly from a birch thicket nearby. There was magic in it—that's all there was to it! The beauty seeped into her inner being. Not only was she a part of all this, but she felt that she, with the entire universe, was co-creator of this beauty. She was more satisfied with this feeling of creativeness than if she'd just completed a new dress or learned a difficult dance step. She was happy, she was important, she was fulfillment.

Then as if to shake herself out of this mood, she jumped up and began running down the trail. "I've had enough of this," she sobbed. "Only poets like this stuff and I'm no poet. I'm through with it all." By the time she reached the cottage she was calm and determined.

"I thought you weren't going to be back in time to get ready for the program at the museum tonight," Judy said while she and Marge were doing the dinner dishes. "You're going, aren't you?"

"Wouldn't miss it for the world!" answered Marge with a bright smile. Judy glanced at her with a puzzled look in her eyes. Marge was too enthusiastic for Marge.

By the time the girls arrived at the museum, most of the seats were already filled by tourists from the various neighboring resorts and from the campgrounds. Everyone was laughing and talking.

The program opened with a play. When the audience recognized the different campers, the place roared with whole-hearted amusement. Marge felt her numb unhappiness giving way to warm enjoyment.

"This makes me happy. Why can't things like this be enough?" The words were playing tag in her brain, but the loud voice of Mr. James, Master of Ceremonies, seeped through. "Since it's still early, we'll have a few impromptu features. If you get called upon, just give us a little performance—anything you can do. Now there's a blond fellow in the third row who looks like he can do something. Come up here, and let's have it."

The blond fellow could do something. He sat at the piano and played a medley of popular tunes, finally taking his seat amid loud applause.

"How about the fair girl in the pale blue dress sitting on the west edge of row 7?" Mr. James' voice boomed out.

Marge stiffened. He meant her, and there was nothing she could do. But Judy gave her a shove into the aisle that made refusal impossible. Her feet beat a rhythm to the confusion in her head. "What will I do? What will I do? I'll have to tell them I can't do anything."

Amid cheers . . . he again mounted the ladder to the highest landing. This time a girl was with him. "The girl he danced with!" Marge exclaimed.

But as she faced the expectant faces in front of her with her apology all ready, a strange thing happened. Because she was so sure she could do nothing, she did the one thing she could do well. Her clear voice came through lips she felt were frozen shut, and she began reciting a poem she'd nearly forgotten—a poem about the beautiful things that life had to offer, things you could see and feel, and how even a little of this beauty was worth everything a person could give.

Her voice gained depth and meaning as she continued. Fear and embarrassment left her, and she spoke as she felt. She wasn't trying to sell anyone else the idea of beauty—it was enough that she loved it. And love it she did. She couldn't give it up even if she never found anyone to share it.

The applause was just polite, but Marge didn't mind. She was sure of herself now. She knew she couldn't be a whole individual with her love of beauty stifled any more than she would be if she cut off her love of dancing, picnics and parties. She would be her whole self and be proud of it. Her decision didn't waver when the next performer, after giving a fine exhibition of tap dancing, was called up again by whistling and stamping of feet.

Judy stood around chatting after the program, but Marge slipped out the door, unnoticed by *nearly* everyone.

"What's your hurry?" Dick asked as he caught up with her. "Can't you give a guy a chance to tell you how much he enjoyed the poem you gave?"

Marge smiled. "You don't have to be polite, Dick," she answered. "I don't need that any more. I grew up today."

Dick was silent for a moment. Then he exclaimed, "I'm not sure I know what you're talking about, but I'm not being polite. Is it funny if a person likes poetry?"

Marge's voice was as faint as the wind in the pines. "You mean you *really* like it?" she whispered.

"Sure I like it," he answered. "Fact is, I couldn't live without it. That's why being a ranger is fun. It gives me a chance to be alone and think of things like that."

"But I thought—I'd just made up my mind—I didn't believe interesting boys liked that sort of thing," she stammered.

Dick laughed. "And here I've been thinking girls only like dances, clothes and stuff. Gosh, Marge, you can't imagine how lonely I've been sometimes!"

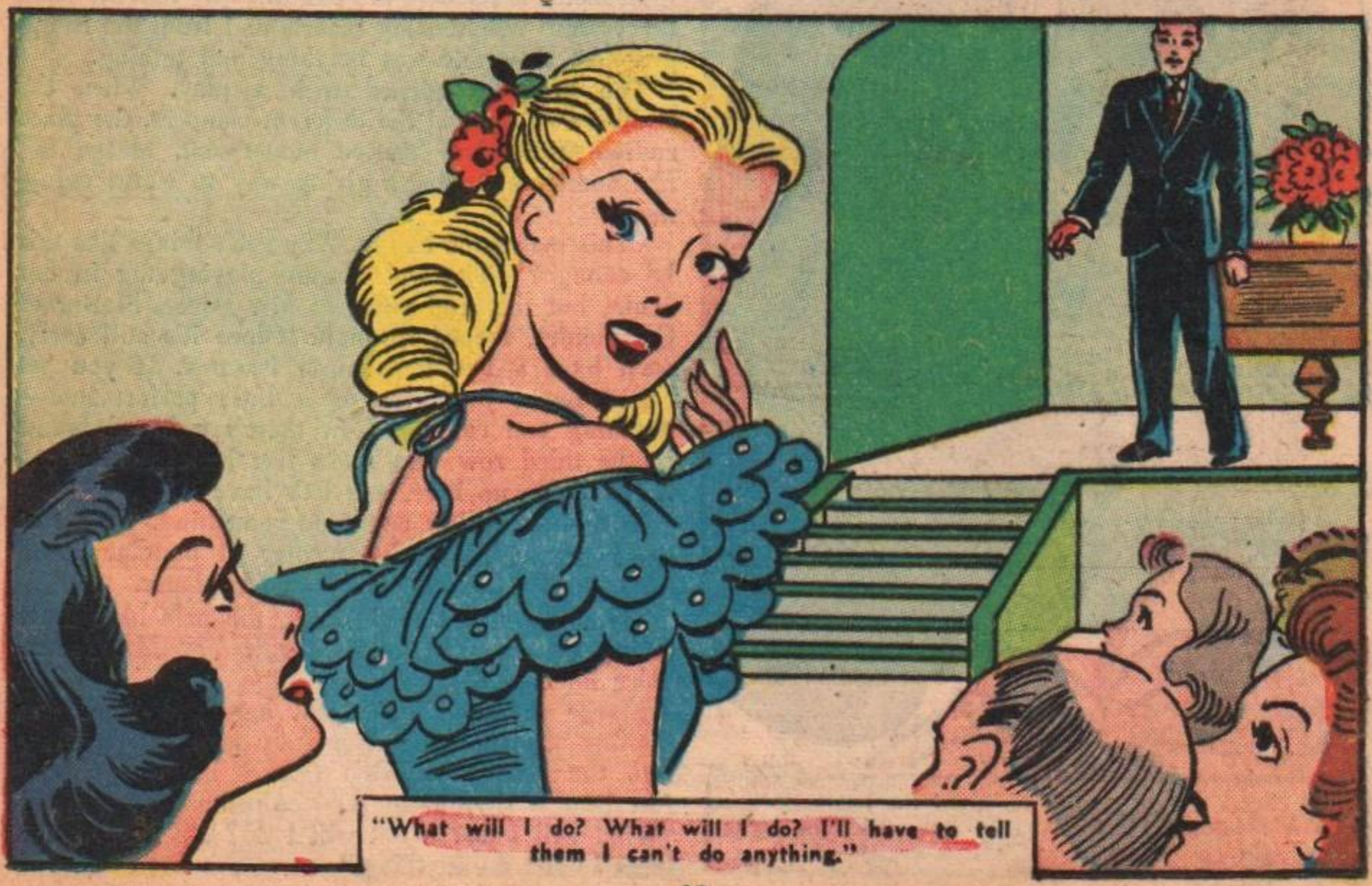
Marge almost laughed, too, but his voice was too serious. "Lonely! You know you could go with any girl out here. There are lots of them—good-looking ones, and they can dance and swim, too. In fact, you didn't seem lonesome this afternoon teaching a certain nice girl how to dive."

"That's what's tough," he stated, not paying any attention to her last remark, "being lonesome in a crowd. Dancing, swimming, diving—anyone can learn to do that. But learning about solitude and beauty, Marge, that's born in a person. And it would be a lot more fun sharing it with someone else."

Marge didn't answer so he took her hand and said, "Wouldn't it?"

Marge's whispered "Yes" was sufficient. Silence was enough for both of them as, hand in hand, they walked down the pine-fringed road, dreaming of the rest of the summer, happy days of swimming, walking, talking. Life had not even demanded a price for its loveliness.

THE END



KATE THE COOK . . .

You probably know that Kate Smith is one of the most versatile personalities in radio today. And that last October 12 twelve states celebrated Grandmothers' Day because of her promotion of it. But did you know that Kate can bake a deep dish apple pie that will twinkle any eye? Here's all you need to make it:

- 1¼ cups sifted flour
- ⅛ teaspoon baking powder
- ¼ to ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅓ cup cold shortening
- 3 tablespoons water (appr.)
- 4 to 6 apples, thinly sliced
- 1 cup sugar
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
- ⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ cup water
- 1 tablespoon butter

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add water, in small amounts, mixing lightly. Wrap in waxed paper and chill.

Fill 1 large casserole or 6 small ones with apples. Add mixed sugar and spices, water, and bits of butter. Cover with pastry, rolled ¼-inch thick, turning edges under and pressing onto edge of dish to seal. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) 15 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350 degrees F.) and bake 35 to 45 minutes, or until apples are done.

SOUP SURPRISE . . .

If you like soups, but you're tired of the regulation hot dish, this unusual cold soup is a natural.

Wash and peel about 8 tender, young raw beets. Put them through a meat grinder, carefully saving all the juice. Put the ground beets in a bowl, pour a little warm water over them and let them stand for half an hour. Strain through a sieve and add any saved beet juice. Altogether you should get about 2 cupsful.

Simmer 2 cans of tomatoes in a pan with 1 onion, chopped fine, a few bits of celery and 2 cups of water. Strain the juice off clear. Don't let any pulp get through.

Peel 2 cucumbers, remove seeds and dice into small cubes. Soak in ice water to crisp. Mix the beet and tomato juices, adding enough sharp French dressing to flavor well. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Just before serving, drop a few ice cubes into the soup and beat with a mixer to incorporate the oil. Serve in chilled plates with bits of cucumber floating on top.

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'TWAS FRIDAY THE 13th

By EFFIE YOUNG

HELENA WAS MORE THAN ANXIOUS TO PROVE THAT SUPERSTITIONS JUST AREN'T TRUE. BUT THINGS WERE BOUND TO HAPPEN AT THE MYSTERY HOUSE ON 13TH STREET!

THE moment Carol spotted the next day's date on the calendar, she blanched. *Friday the 13th!* And she and Helena Morris had arranged to go roller-skating tomorrow afternoon. *Anything* might happen! She might fall and sprain her back, or Helena might lose her adorable new wristwatch, or maybe they'd both get knocked down by a hit and run driver on the way to the skating rink.

For that matter something could happen any time during the day. If only she could convince Mother that she ought to stay home snug in bed with a magazine and a box of chocolates! She was sure that Friday the 13th was a dangerous day to venture forth.

But Mother, she knew, would only scoff. Mother didn't believe in superstitions. Well, Carol thought nervously, at least she could call off the date with Helena. No use taking *unnecessary* risks. She flew to the phone. But to Carol's surprise Helena laughed at her fears.

"Why, Carol," Helena exclaimed incredulously, "don't you realize that it's positively *medieval* to be superstitious? It's as ridiculous as believing in witchcraft!"

Helena's lively voice was very decisive. She'd just completed an article on *The Origins of Popular Superstitions* for the Wingdale High *Banner*, of which she was feature editor. Two hours of library research had turned up ample proof that all omens and superstitions had their origin in the ignorant days of early civilization.

"But, Helena," Carol wailed, "everybody knows Friday the 13th is an unlucky day!"

"Everybody does not," Helena disagreed pleasantly but firmly. "I for one know better, and I can *prove* to you tomorrow's no unluckier than any other day. All superstitions are a lot of nonsense!"

"Do you mean you'd—*you'd even walk under a ladder?*" Carol asked tremulously.

There was only the briefest pause on the other end of the wire. Then, "And why not?" Helena replied airily. "So would you if you knew how *that* bugaboo began. Listen to this—the *Banner's* right here." She read from her article, "'A ladder set up against a building forms a triangle, which

is one of the most ancient of life symbols. Thus, in primitive social cultures anyone walking under a ladder was believed to be breaking a life symbol and, therefore, bringing bad luck.' "

"You mean *that's* why people won't walk under ladders?" Carol was astonished.

"Exactly," declared Helena triumphantly. "The average person today is still afraid that walking under a ladder will bring him bad luck, but he hasn't the slightest idea *why* he thinks so. If all the superstitious people realized their fears came from the foolish notions of primitive man, do you think they'd still have them?"

"I—I guess not," Carol conceded uncertainly, "but somehow *I* still wouldn't have the *n-nerve* . . .!" Her toes curled up in fright at the mere thought.

"Well, it holds no terrors for me," Helena's voice came merrily over the wire. "Yes, chum, I'll walk under a ladder right on Friday the 13th! And furthermore I'll do it at 13 North 13th Street! What do you say to that?"

"You wouldn't *dare!*" Carol gasped.

"Wouldn't I though?" Helena laughed. "You'll see. We'll cut the skating idea and meander down there tomorrow afternoon."

"But nobody sane would live at such an address," Carol cried. "No one in his right mind would *dare!*"

"Meet you tomorrow at three at the bus stop," Helena responded sweetly, " 'Bye now."

Later that evening Carol phoned Helena again to ask in a tiny, subdued voice if Helena would mind if Carol's brother Bob went with them the next day. Would she *mind!* When tall, lanky Bob Wyckoff was the Number 1 Man of her secret daydreams?

"Of course not, Carol dear," she replied as calmly as she could, "if it'll make you feel better to have a he-man with us." Bob was a wiry five-foot-ten senior with a dark attractiveness that Helena couldn't resist. But though he was always pleasant enough whenever he met her, he'd never asked her for a date—he just seemed to think of her as a friend of his sister's.

For the rest of the evening Helena bubbled with excitement. Bob Wyckoff was going with them on their strange lark! What a thrill! She wondered if he thought she was silly for suggesting such a madcap stunt—or would it make him think her a daring adventuress? After all, it wasn't every girl who would have the nerve to defy such a deep-rooted

"I'll walk under a ladder on Friday the 13th . . . at 13 North 13th Street!" . . . "You wouldn't dare!" Carol gasped.

superstition, especially on Friday the 13th! She hoped he realized that.

But while she was tossing in bed, unable to sleep, it suddenly occurred to her that maybe even *she* wouldn't have the nerve to go through with the ladder trick. Maybe part of the excitement that was keeping her awake was due to subconscious nervousness about having let herself in for anything as fate-defying as all that. *Maybe she was going to jinx herself for life!* In spite of her essay, in spite of all the common-sense arguments she began to repeat over and over in her mind to calm herself, it was a long time before Helena fell asleep.

. . . The next day no one was late for the meeting at the bus stop. Helena noticed immediately that Carol looked cute in her yellow plaid suit—but awfully pale.

"Hi, fellows!" she sang out, taking in with pleasure Bob's lanky frame, his wide, easygoing smile.

"Hello, valiant!" Bob greeted her. "I hear you're going to break the jinx of Friday the 13th! Spunky gal!" Admiration shone in his laughing eyes.

"Are you s-sure you still want to go?" Carol asked tremulously.

"Natch!" Helena tossed back lightly, but her heart gave a peculiar lurch.

Number 13 North 13th Street turned out to be a large, gray, old-fashioned house next to an empty lot.

"Gosh, it sure looks grim," Carol whispered as they stood in front of it. A strong gust of wind whipped her skirt around her legs, and she jumped, letting out a little squeal.

"Steady, gal, steady," muttered Bob. Then, turning to Helena he asked, "Well, what's the routine?"

"I guess we'd better go up and ring the bell," Helena answered. "There's no ladder in sight. We'll have to try to borrow one." She managed a smile and hoped he didn't notice how limp it was.

A minute later they stood on the porch, staring at the name plate. It read: "Theosophus Cad Krimkins."

"What a q-q-queer name!" Carol whispered. Helena put a slightly quivering finger on the bell and pressed.

There was no reply.

"Nobody home!" Carol cried joyfully. "Let's go!"

But the words died in her throat. The door before them was opening slowly, soundlessly. And there wasn't a human being in sight! Eyes riveted on the door, the trio stood rooted to the spot.

Suddenly a deep, masculine voice from somewhere far inside boomed, "*Enter*!" A sharp roll of drumbeats sounded.

"Let's make a run for it!" Carol whispered urgently, grabbing Helena's hand. Even Bob turned pale. But Helena recklessly stepped forward. With Bob there she'd rather *perish* than let him think she was a coward.

Clinging to Helena's hand, Carol was yanked forward as Helena stepped inside. Bob, momentarily surprised by the girls' sudden entrance, followed hastily.

The door banged shut behind them with a sharp click of finality. To their amazement it was completely dark inside. There wasn't a single object visible to their astonished, peering eyes.

"The fuse must have blown out," Helena said, trying to sound calm. Carol was squeezing her hand so tightly, it hurt.

"But it's still daylight," Bob reminded her. "There should be some light, even without the electricity turned on."

"It's just as I said—the man who lives here must be *cr-crazy*!" Carol's voice rose hysterically.

"*Who's calling me crazy?*" the terrifyingly deep voice boomed out from the depths of eerie darkness. Then weird, harsh gusts of laughter pounded on their frightened ears. Carol gasped. Helena's bravado melted away like ice cream in the hot sun.

The girls felt Bob move stalwartly in front of them. He put out his arms as if to shield them, and the horrible laughter ceased as abruptly as it had begun.

"Answer!" the deep voice commanded ominously. "*Who called me crazy?*"

"I—*I did*," Bob said loudly. Even in the midst of her fright, Helena found herself thinking how wonderful he was.

"My, your voice has changed suddenly," taunted Theosophus Cad Krimkins. Then he snarled, "All right, take the blame, take the punishment! Step forward three paces."

"Don't, Bob!" cried Carol and Helena simultaneously.

"Step forward three paces," commanded the roaring voice again, "or you will *all* take the consequences!"

Bob promptly stepped forward. There was the sound of crashing glass, and the girls screamed. Raucous laughter poured from the unseen man's throat and once more stopped suddenly.

Then the hall was ablaze with light. White-faced, teeth chattering, the girls slowly examined the scene. Exactly three steps ahead of them stood Bob, fists clenched, tensely poised for action against his unknown adversary.

But there was no one in sight! They were standing in a small, scantily furnished hall.

"What happened, Bob?" cried Carol.

"Are you hurt?" Helena asked anxiously.

"Why, no," Bob answered, puzzled, "nothing happened except that that mirror broke, I guess."

They stared at the broken mirror on the floor at the other end of the hall, smashed into dozens of pieces.

"Oh, Bob," wailed Carol, "that means seven years of bad luck!"

Helena started to say "Nonsense," but checked herself quickly. After what was happening to them, how could she still believe that superstitions were just silly hand-me-downs from The Age of Ignorance?

"But *I* didn't break it," said Bob. "I didn't even touch it!"

"Let's go before that character comes back," Carol whispered tremblingly. They dashed to the door—but it was locked firmly! No matter how hard Bob yanked at the knob, the door wouldn't budge.

"How about climbing out the window?" Helena suggested in a low voice. Her voice was jumping like a grasshopper. They simply *had* to get out of this madhouse; it no longer mattered whether Bob would think she was a coward. Anyway how *could* he, with their very lives menaced?

They looked around for a window. In the rear of the room they found one, but it was covered from top to bottom with a heavy black cloth—nailed down!

"That's why the daylight didn't come through," Bob commented as the girls stared at him, panic-stricken.

"Are we t-trapped?" Carol quavered. Helena saw tears in poor Carol's eyes. Oh, Helena thought with a repentant pang, why ever did I get these two I like so much into this awful scrape?

Suddenly they heard the deep, booming voice of

The door before them was opened slowly, soundlessly. And there wasn't a human being in sight!

"I command you to enter the room at your right," he thundered, "and there meet your fate."

Theosophus Cad Krimkins right in the room with them though he still couldn't be seen!

"I command you to enter the room at your right," he thundered, "and there meet your fate."

The girls paled. Bob put one arm around each, protectively.

"Oh, what'll we *do*?" Carol wailed.

Helena's heart seemed to flop over twice. But she spoke up bravely.

"I got you into this," she said, "and I'm the one who's going in there. You two stay here. Perhaps I can talk him into letting you go."

"Gosh, you're a plucky gal!" Bob stared at her, his warm gaze alight with admiration. "But you're not going in there, Helena. That's for me."

If Helena had liked him before, she worshipped him now.

"Oh, Bob," she cried, "don't go! Let's just stay here, the three of us together. Let's defy him!"

"Then," the deep, menacing voice rolled out of nowhere, *"I'll bring your fate to you!"*

Tensely they stared at the door to the room at the right. Bob picked up a chair, held it ready for action. But, Helena thought frantically, what if Theosophus had a gun or a bomb or tear gas? What chance would they have?

Into the hall stepped a tall, smiling man dressed in tweeds—wheeling a tea wagon!

The girls' mouths popped open. Slowly Bob set down the chair. Here was no menace, this pleasant, middle-aged man with the genial smile and eyes lit with merriment! He couldn't be!

"Forgive me if I've frightened you," he apologized, bringing the tea wagon to a stop, "but I couldn't resist the temptation to stage just the sort of adventure you might expect at 13 North 13th Street on Friday the 13th!"

For the first time since they'd entered the house, Helena drew a normal breath. She saw Carol smiling happily in relief, and even Bob was beginning to appreciate the situation. His mouth was curling up in a grin.

"Can you beat that!" he exclaimed. "Well, you sure put it over. Golly, I was expecting to be wiped off the map any minute!"

"Me, too!" Carol chirped. Color was coming back to her cheeks, warmth to her limbs.

"You certainly were realistic," Helena cried. "But look, Mr. Krimkins . . ."

"Oh, that's not my name," their host interrupted, "but I knew that just plain Henry Smith wouldn't impress you."

Everyone laughed at that while Mr. Smith, alias Theosophus Cad Krimkins, neatly cut thick slices of delicious mocha cake.

"But how did you know we were coming?" Carol asked.

The pleasant man in tweeds smiled. "You may think you had an original idea," he said, "but the fact is, *every* Friday the 13th somebody seems to get the same whimsical idea of proving his daring. And they've always been so disappointed with the tame atmosphere they found here that this time I thought I'd give my visitors a more exciting time, more in the tradition of Friday the 13th!"

"You certainly did it up brown!" Bob said heartily. "Or should I say *black?*"

Mr. Smith chuckled. "I had that curtain left over from blackout drills during the war," he explained. "Say, I sounded pretty ominous over the intercommunications phone, didn't I?"

"So that was what it was! Of course," Bob nodded his head, "I should have realized it, but I guess I was just too keyed up!"

"I was shouting through a piece of cloth from the connection in the kitchen." Mr. Smith looked very proud of his performance. There he sat calmly pouring tea, the Dreadful Menace who not five minutes earlier had nearly scared them out of their wits!

"I'll never forget how brave you were, Helena," Bob suddenly said, as he helped himself to a second portion of cake. "I never really knew you before, but I hope things will be different from now on."

"Atta boy," Mr. Smith said jovially. "Off with superstitions, on with romance!"

Helena flushed, but she was tingling all over with happiness.

"But what about that broken mirror?" Carol asked, still a little fearful.

"Oh, it was cracked anyway so I smashed it deliberately for effect," Mr. Smith admitted. "There isn't a superstitious bone in my body. How could there be when I've lived for 13 years at 13 North 13th Street without a single mishap?"

"There, that proves my point!" Helena said triumphantly to Carol. "Or do you still want me to walk under a ladder to convince you?"

Carol shook her head smilingly. "It won't be necessary," she said, her mouth full of the delicious mocha. "As far as I'm concerned, Mr. Smith is living proof that there's nothing unlucky about Friday the 13th. But believe me, this is one I'll never forget!"

And, catching Bob's eye, Helena agreed wholeheartedly.

THE END

MOLASSES MAGIC . . .

Want to surprise your whole family with a dessert that will delight every taste from kid brother's to Dad's? Just try this molasses apple scallop.

Pick out 3 tart cooking apples and pare, core and slice them. Put them in a buttered casserole and pour over them ¼ cup molasses. Dot with a tablespoon of butter.

Cream 4 tablespoons of butter with ¼ cup sugar. Stir into this ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup of sifted flour and ½ cup toasted cooky crumbs. Add a good dash of cinnamon and ginger. Mix all well and spread over the apples.

Bake this, covered, in a moderate oven for half an hour. Then remove the cover and bake 15 minutes more to brown topping. Serve hot with cream or hard sauce. And then listen for the "oh's" and "ah's"!

ICE WARMER . . .

Need something good to break the ice at that extra-special dinner party? This tomato ice will do the trick—and it's a real change from the usual tomato juice cocktail.

Beat together a teacupful of tomato sauce and ½ teacup of milk, using an egg beater to get the mixture smooth. Beat 2 egg whites with a pinch of salt until stiff and fold them into the tomato mixture. Whip a teacup of heavy cream and fold it into the other ingredients.

Freeze for half an hour. Then put into a bowl and whisk to a froth. Freeze for another 30 minutes. Pile in fruit cup glasses, sprinkle with just a few finely minced basil leaves and serve very cold.

Your guests will warm up quicker than you can say "burned toast"!

LEMON LUSCIOUS . . .

Here's a yummy dessert that will appeal to all the sweet tooths —or is it sweet teeth?—in your family. It's a lemon bavarian cream.

Soak a tablespoon of gelatin in ¼ cup of cold water, and then dissolve it in ¾ cup of boiling water. Beat up the yolks of 4 eggs, and add to them ½ cup of honey and the juice and grated rind of 2 lemons. Now add all this to the gelatin.

Chill the mixture until it begins to thicken and then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and 1 cup of cream that has been whipped stiff. Put in a mold to chill. Serve with more whipped cream or just plain if you wish.

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PATSY WALKER

WE'LL LEAVE IT UP TO **DADDY** TO CHOOSE WHO TAKES ME OUT TONIGHT!

ALL RIGHT, MR. WALKER, **WHO'LL IT BE?**

YEAH! **START CHOOSING!**

AND **DON'T** MAKE A BAD CHOICE EITHER!

"HER CHOICE OF A MAN!"

2961

OH, MOTHER, ISN'T IT **WONDERFUL? BRUISER BRONKO** GAVE ME HIS **PICTURE!** LOOK!

MY! HE MUST HAVE LIKED THE PICTURE! HE CERTAINLY MADE IT **LARGE** ENOUGH!

OH, I JUST THINK BRUISER IS THE MOST **TERRIFIC** MAN I **EVER** MET! WHY, HE'S THE **GREATEST HALFBACK** CENTERVILLE EVER HAD!

WHO TOLD YOU THAT, DEAR?

WELL, ER-- *BRUISER* DID!

I *THOUGHT* SO! I'M GETTING SICK AND *TIRED* OF HEARING ABOUT THAT APE! FOR TWO WEEKS I'VE HEARD YOU SPEAK OF *NO ONE ELSE!*

IF I NEVER HEAR HIS NAME AGAIN, I'LL BE HAPPY AND--ULP!

OUR GUEST STAR ON THE SPORTS HOUR IS NONE OTHER THAN CENTERVILLE'S HERO OF LAST SEASON'S FOOTBALL FIELDS, *BRUISER BRONKO!* BRONKO, HOW DO YOU THINK YOU'LL DO NEXT SEASON?

I'LL *MOW 'EM DOWN!* I'LL BE *TERRIFIC!* YAHH!

THAT *DOES* IT! MARY, WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE A WAY TO END THIS SILLY INFATUATION PATSY HAS FOR THAT MUSCLEBOUND GOON!

I KNOW, STANLEY! I'M INVITING HIM TO OUR PARTY!

CLICK!

WHAT? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR *MIND?* I'VE JUST FINISHED TELLING YOU THAT I *HATE* THE...

CONTROL YOURSELF, DEAR! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! JUST LEAVE IT TO ME AND I GUARANTEE *PERFECT* RESULTS!

AND I WANT YOU TO ASK MR. BRONKO TO OUR PARTY!

OH, MOTHER! YOU'RE JUST TOO *WONDERFUL* FOR WORDS!

I GIVE UP!

THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY...

COME IN, DOCTOR AND MRS. JONES!

DELIGHTED, MRS. WALKER! I SAY, ISN'T THAT JUDGE TUTTLE OVER THERE?

2

I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING BRUISER! HE SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW! OH, GOLLY! HERE HE COMES NOW! BE STILL, MY FLUTTERING HEART!

HI'YA, BABY! HERE I AM! CENTERVILLE'S *ONLY* CLAIM TO GLORY! *WHERE'S* THE FOOD?

OH, BRUISER! COME IN! EVERYONE'S JUST *DYING* TO MEET YOU!

ATTENTION, EVERYONE! I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE THE *GREAT BRUISER BRONKO*, ALL CENTERVILLE HALFBACK!

?

?

?

BRUISER, THIS IS MRS. TUTTLE, THE JUDGE'S WIFE!

HI!

HOW DO YOU DO-O OW!

CRUNCH!

?

AND THERE'S MY FATHER! I-- OH!

HI'YA, POP! HAH!

URK! GLUP!

SMACK!

MR. BRONKO, WOULD YOU MIND TELLING US ABOUT YOUR PROWESS ON THE GRIDIRON?

PSST... HEY, PATSY! WHAT'S SHE BEATIN' HER CHOPS ABOUT? I DON'T DIG THAT JIVE!

ER, MOM WANTS YOU TO TALK ABOUT YOUR FOOTBALL CAREER!

YA TALKED ME INTA IT! IT'S LIKE THIS! IT'S THE FOURTH QUARTER! 30 SECONDS TO PLAY! I GET THE BALL AND...

I'M RUNNING--WEAVING--AND DODGING--KNOCKING TACKLERS OVER EVERYWHERE!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

I COULD GO ON BUT I GOTTA GET HOME TO SLEEP! TRAININ' RULES, Y'KNOW!

ZZZZZ

AND LATER...

AND NOW THAT OUR LAST THOROUGHLY DISGUSTED GUEST HAS LEFT, MAY I ASK WHAT SADISTIC URGE PROMPTED YOU TO DO THIS TO US? WHATEVER YOUR PLAN WAS, IT SEEMS TO HAVE BACKFIRED!

YOU'LL SEE!

PATSY, WHAT IS IT, DEAR?

OH, MOTHER! I'M *SO* ASHAMED AND EMBARRASSED! HE HUMILIATED *ALL* OF US! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I COULD HAVE SEEN IN THAT STUFFED GORILLA! I NEVER WANT TO SEE HIM AGAIN!

PSSST... DEAR, IT *WAS* WORTH IT!

OH HH! (SNIFF!) (SNIFF!)

NEXT DAY...

OH, DADDY! I JUST MET THE MOST **WONDERFUL** FELLOW! HE'S TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME! AND HE'S THE **BEST BASKETBALL PLAYER** IN SCHOOL!

WHAT? NOT THAT STUFF **AGAIN!** CAN'T YOU EVER MEET ANYTHING BESIDES THOSE HALF-BRAINED ATHLETES!

DADDY! **"LANKY"** IS **NOT** HALF-BRAINED! BESIDES, ATHLETES ARE MUCH MORE GLAMOROUS THAN THE SICKLY LOOKING STUDIOUS TYPES!

GIVE ME A MAN WITH BRAINS ANY TIME!

WELL, YOU CAN HAVE 'EM! BUT **I'LL** TAKE THE RUGGED TYPE!

PATSY, WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOUR NEW FRIEND TO **DINNER** TONIGHT?

MARY, WHY DID YOU SUGGEST **THAT?**

PLEASE, STANLEY! I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE FOOTBALL PLAYER, WASN'T I?

THAT NIGHT...

FOLKS! I WANT YOU TO MEET **"LANKY" BARNET!**

HOWDY!

HELLO!

DINNER IS READY!

HMM... HE SEEMS LIKE A NICE ENOUGH CHAP!

YES!

AHH... LAMB CHOPS! OUR FAVORITE DISH!

LAMB CHOPS? WHERE? I'M CRAZY ABOUT EM!

?

PLINK!

HEH-HEH-HEH! LOOKS LIKE THE REST OF US WILL HAVE TO SPLIT THIS LITTLE CHOP THAT'S LEFT! HEH-HEH!

OH, ER--I'M NOT TOO HUNGRY ANYWAY, DADDY! HEH-HEH!

CHOMP! CHOMP!

MIGHT AS WELL FILL UP ON HOT BISCUITS!

ULP!

AH--HOT BISCUITS! I LOVE 'EM!

LATER...

GOLLY, MRS. WALKER, YOU SURE CAN COOK! THAT WAS THE BEST MEAL I EVER HAD!

HMM... AND THE WAY HE ATE IT, IT WAS PROBABLY THE ONLY MEAL HE EVER HAD!

THANK YOU!

SMACK! SMACK!

LATER, AFTER LANKY LEAVES...

THAT IDEA WAS GREAT! I'M *STARVED!* THAT OCTOPUS DIDN'T EVEN LET US GET A GOOD *SMELL* OF THE FOOD!

YEAH, MOM, MY STOMACH'S TOUCHING MY BACKBONE!

I FEEL TERRIBLE, TOO! I NEVER WANT TO SEE THAT *HOG* AGAIN! HE HAD MANNERS, BUT THEY WERE ALL *BAD!*

?

ALL RIGHT! ALL OF YOU COME INTO THE DINING ROOM AGAIN!

THERE! I HAD A FEELING THAT WOULD HAPPEN, SO I MADE *EXTRAS!*

YIPEE!

WONDERFUL!

LET ME *AT* IT!

DEAR, YOU MUST BE *PSYCHIC!* OR ELSE YOU MUST'VE STUDIED PSYCHOLOGY AT SCHOOL!

NO, DEAR! I JUST STUDIED *BOYS* WHEN I WAS PATSY'S AGE--BEFORE I MET *YOU,* OF COURSE, DEAR!

NEXT DAY...

DADDY! WAIT'LL YOU HEAR ABOUT THE *MARVELOUS DATE* I HAVE TONIGHT!

PATSY! IF THIS IS ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE *BRAINLESS MUSCLEMEN,* I'LL...I'LL...

7

BUT, DADDY! PERCY VAN SMELT IS *TERRIBLY* SMART! HE'S AN *INSTRUCTOR* IN...

INSTRUCTOR? WELL! *THAT'S* MORE LIKE IT! AT LAST YOU ARE GOING WITH A MAN OF LETTERS!

THAT NIGHT... AS AN INSTRUCTOR, PERCY, WHAT SUBJECT DO YOU FIND MOST INTERESTING?

WELL, MR. WALKER, I THINK THE *"FRONTAL ASSAULT"* IS MY FAVORITE!

FRONTAL ASSAULT? I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND! COULD YOU EXPLAIN THAT A LITTLE?

CERTAINLY! I THINK A *DEMONSTRATION* WOULD BE MORE EFFECTIVE! HOWEVER, YOU PROBABLY WOULDN'T CARE FOR THAT!

ON THE CONTRARY! I *INSIST* YOU DEMONSTRATE!

WELL, IF YOU INSIST, FIRST WE SHAKE LIKE *THIS!*

?

ALLEE-OOP!

ZOOM

YIPE!

CRASH!

ISN'T HE *WONDERFUL*, DADDY? PERCY IS AN ACCOMPLISHED INSTRUCTOR IN *JIU-JITSU* AND THE ART OF *SELF DEFENSE!*

GOOD NIGHT, MR. WALKER!

HOW CAN YA WIN?

THE END

Summer Romance

By HOPE VALENTINE

SOMETIMES THINGS DON'T HAPPEN THE WAY YOU HOPE THEY WILL, BUT ELSA HAD WAITED A LONG TIME AND EVERYTHING SIMPLY HAD TO GO HER WAY!

EVEN before the alarm clock jangled, Elsa Farrow was enjoying a sense of anticipation, smiling as she slept. At the sound she thrust her arm out to push the button on the clock, and opened her eyes. She smiled at the raftered ceiling, at the rough paneling of the walls and, raising herself on one elbow, out the broad window at the white beach encircled by rocks and the blue sea.

We're back at Finger Point. Elsa thought happily. With the whole wonderful summer ahead! She leaped out of bed, wriggled into her red robe and padded barefoot to the back porch where the pump was. After patting some of the icy water on her face, she ran, her robe billowing behind her, through the thick clump of firs to where the path from the front of the cabin started down to the beach through tangles of raspberry and blueberry bushes. Soon she plunged into another grove of the deep green firs and then came out suddenly into the bright glare of early morning sunlight on white sand. Out beyond the point a lobsterman's rowboat bobbed, but there was no one else in sight.

Nothing's changed, she thought. She ran to the water and crouched by the snakelike edging of white foam. When she put her hand down the water crept up around and over her fingers, and then receded, leaving cold damp sand shifting slightly under her touch.

Everything's the same! But then something inside her protested, except me! *I've* changed—and I hope Phil Bolton notices. It's about time he noticed me!

She shaded her eyes and stared at the Bolton house out on the jutting end of the peninsula, at its sparkling windows reflecting the sun. She knew Phil was behind those windows somewhere, and suddenly it made her self-conscious. She jumped up and ran back to the house. It's time to get ready for the boat trip, she thought happily. Phil himself had invited her the night before . . .

Elsa and her parents had arrived at the Point just after dark and had stopped at each of the cabins around the peninsula to greet their friends. At the Boltons', while her mother and Mrs. Bolton embraced, and her father and Mr. Bolton shook hands with hearty exclamations and some slapping of backs, Elsa had stood by, her heart thumping painfully, wishing that Phil would come in so that the knot would untie. She had suffered Mrs. Bolton's cries of how astonishingly pretty little Elsa was getting, and her mother's nodding and motherly smiles in her direction. And then, finally, Phil had walked in, with a casual hello, and the knot inside Elsa had tightened. She'd avoided his eyes, but she had felt their appraising glances.

"Mrs. Farrow," Phil had said in his lazy way, "there's an all-day deep sea fishing trip planned for

I've changed—and I hope Phil Bolton notices. It's about time he noticed me! . . . She shaded her eyes and stared at the Bolton house.

"Thanks just the same, but I think I'll try to get along at school without your help."

tomorrow. How about Elsa's going? It's not for the little ones, of course," he laughed, "but I think Elsa's going to be one of *us* this summer."

Back in the cabin she looked into the mirror before slipping on her striped jersey. Sixteen was such a wonderful age! Only the summer before she had been gawky and awkward, and so conscious of it! Her hair had always been either straight and stringy or curled in unbecoming tight corkscrews, her skin pink in patches and her legs too skinny. But within a few months all that had changed. She knew she wouldn't envy the other girls any more—the girls that Phil had always spent his time with.

This summer, she said to herself in the mirror, Phil Bolton will spend some time with *you!* And she hummed a tune into the kitchen.

"Else!" a voice called from outside the kitchen window.

Elsa ran to the back porch, and there was Tom Peck in faded blue dungarees, holding a tremendous basket. How like Mrs. Peck, Elsa thought irrelevantly, to provide enough food for everyone!

"Hi, Tom!" she stage-whispered.

"Are you ready, Else?" Tom asked. "We're scheduled to pull anchor in twenty minutes!"

"I was just going to fix a bite to eat," Elsa answered. "You go on—I'll be along in five minutes!"

Tom looked disappointed, but with a quick salute he trotted off up the road.

Tom's nice, Elsa thought, as she ate her toast. He had been such a friend to her the summer before when she'd needed someone to confide in. But it had bothered her a little, the fact that he didn't seem to like Phil. She remembered the conversation she had overheard down by the beach. Phil was talking, and she had paused among the fir trees, not wanting to interrupt if Phil were with a girl.

"... there are certain things you've got to realize about prep school," he had been saying. "If you want to get along, you've got to know the ropes right at the beginning. Avoid the drips—I'll show you which guys I mean when you come this fall—and I'll try to get you into our frat. That's the most important thing. Then you'll have to go to Baxter—he's the only decent tailor in town—and there are a lot of details like that. And as far as women go, the best thing would be to consult me or one of the other frat brothers before you make a date so that you won't find you're taking out a girl from one of the wrong sororities, or one of the wrong schools even. Some guys actually do that! And these things are important!"

Here Tom's voice had cut in very coolly. "They'll never be important to me," he had said clearly. "Thanks just the same, but I think I'll try to get along at school *without* your help."

Elsa had felt so uncomfortable that she had blundered out of the shadows and joined them on the beach, breaking up the conversation abruptly.

Tom's so stubborn, she thought as she tiptoed past the room where her mother and father were still asleep. Even if Phil *did* sound a little—well, snobbish, Tom should have realized that that's the way men are when they're . . . smooth, I guess. Oh, well, Tom just isn't the smooth type.

When Elsa got to the Boltons' dock, the others had all arrived and were swarming onto the little fishing boat in a confusion of shouts and laughter. On the deck in the shadow of the cabin two placid-looking men—Phil would call them "natives", Elsa thought—were leaning back in deck chairs, smoking pipes and watching the bright colored movement about them. The fishing equipment they juggled on their laps.

"Elsa, hurry!" Nancy Martin called. "The fishermen are crazy to get started!"

"Not us, ma'm," one of them said mildly. "Got all day."

"Elsa!" Phil was at her elbow suddenly. "I thought you'd decided not to come." He smiled as if the idea were amusing, and Elsa found herself smiling back in the excitement of being chosen by him. But she said easily, "I wouldn't miss it for the world." She joined Nancy by the edge of the dock.

"Oh, won't this be fun? I've never been deep sea fishing, have you?" Nan was babbling excitedly, and Elsa noticed that she kept turning to look at Phil.

For heaven's sake, Elsa thought, Nan's much too young for Phil!

On the boat Elsa climbed up to the broad shelf behind the cabin and stretched her legs out in the sun. Below her the others were moving around the decks, exploring the tiny area of the boat with delighted comments. Tom was sitting with the fishermen who hadn't moved so much as a hair, as far as Elsa could tell. Then she saw one of them raise his head an inch to look around.

" 'Bout ready?" he asked.

Phil was the last one to step aboard.

"All here!" he called. "Let's go!"

He stood on the deck, surveying the scene, and then slowly climbed up and stretched out beside Elsa.

"Well!" he said, smiling lazily at her. He leaned his head back and shut his eyes. The motors started and the boat moved away from the dock.

"This is the life!" Phil said contentedly. "No homework, no nothin' . . . just lie in the sun!"

"Don't you plan to catch any fish?" Elsa asked.

"Sure," he said, "so long as I can catch them without moving from this spot."

"No, really," Elsa insisted, "aren't we going fishing?"

"Not me!" he said. "Let the fishermen catch the fish. That's what we rented them for."

"*Rented* them?" Elsa asked. What a horrid thing to say, she thought. You don't rent *people*. "Tell me about school," she said quickly. I mustn't be so touchy, she told herself.

"Oh, it's all such a bore . . ." he said.

"But isn't it exciting being a senior?"

Phil yawned. "It's all one big bore," he said. "Nothing to get excited about. The week ends aren't so bad, and when we have dances . . . say!" He looked down at her. "Maybe I'll ask *you* up to one in the fall!"

"Oh . . . I don't know . . ." She tried to sound bored, too. "My week ends are pretty full all year."

He sat up. "They are?" He was frowning.

Have I hurt his feelings? she wondered. She smiled warmly at him.

He smiled quickly back. "We'll see about *that!*" he said, and leaning back, he closed his eyes again.

"You know," he continued, "it's too bad you have to stay home and go to public school. Some of the finishing schools near my place are quite good. Pretty nice girls at some of them, too . . . The girl I had up to the Junior Prom . . ."

He went on, but Elsa found her mind wandering.

She looked around the boat. Tom Peck was sitting by the wheel talking earnestly with one of the fishermen. As she watched, he glanced up, met her eyes and looked away again with a little smile. Nan was by the railing with one of the younger boys, squealing and pretending she was going to push him into the water. Several of the others were stretched out on the forward deck, sunning, laughing and talking. Some words drifted clearly to Elsa's ears.

"Phil's finally discovered Elsa," the voice laughed. "It's about time . . ."

It's funny, Elsa thought. I *should* feel good, overhearing that.

Summer after summer she had envied the girl Phil chose to be with, always a little way off from the group, in the shadows back from the campfire or walking behind the rest on the road to town. Whenever she had seen Phil's head bent close to a girl, as she realized it was bent close to her now, she had ached to be that girl . . . What's the matter with me? she wondered. He's so good-looking, so smooth! And here I don't even seem able to concentrate on what he's saying!

She leaned back, smiling at him.

"What were you saying, Phil?"

"I said, you certainly do seem to be growing up!" he drawled.

"Phil," she said abruptly, "let's go for a swim."

"A swim?" he asked incredulously. "Count me out!"

"Okay!" She slid down to the deck, feeling a little hurt that he didn't want to join her. But she stripped quickly to her bathing suit and dove off the side.

When she came to the surface, she saw immediately that the boat was going much faster than she had thought. Suddenly she felt panicky, seeing ahead of her the white path the boat was leaving and no one at the rail. Then Tom Peck's face was there, excited.

"Hey!" he shouted. "We're going too fast for you

She tried to sound bored, too. "My week ends are pretty full all year." . . . He smiled. "We'll see about that!" he said.

He was almost within reach of her now, but the rope was taut and, as the boat moved, it was pulling him further from her.

to keep up! I'll throw you a line!"

He leaned over and came up with a coil of rope. He threw out one end. Elsa clutched at it, but it was already sinking beneath the surface.

Tom was fastening the other end of the rope to the boat. Elsa tried to call out to him, but a wave from the boat's wake washed over her face. When she looked again, Tom had dived in. Once in the water he caught at the line and, holding it in one hand, swam toward her.

Nobody else on the boat had even noticed, Elsa realized. Not even Phil! Then she thought, the boat's going too fast, the line won't be long enough! But Tom's long arms were plowing the water swiftly toward her. Elsa made slow progress in his direction.

"It's all right, Else," she heard him saying between breaths. "We'll make it!" He was almost within reach of her now, but the rope was taut and, as the boat moved, it was pulling him further from her.

"Here!" He held out his hand. Elsa made the last few yards to him with a desperate spurt of energy.

"Oh, Tom!" she gasped, hanging onto his arm. "Oh, Tom!"

Just at that moment Nancy Martin came to the railing of the boat. "What on earth are you doing?" she screamed.

Elsa giggled. "Oh, Tom!" she gasped for the third time. "Everything seems so—so funny!"

"Easy . . ." he said. "Now don't try treading water; just relax and hang on to me. I'll pull us back to the boat with this rope."

He reached out and pulled on the rope, and they slid through the water. He made another grab at the rope further along, and they were that much nearer the boat.

"See?" He grinned at her. "Easy as pie!"

When Tom finally pulled Elsa up over the side of the boat, Nan Martin was jumping up and down.

"Were you swimming?" she squealed. "Were you swimming?"

"Else," Tom said, "you're shivering! We'll go sit in the cabin—there's a blanket there." Then, to Nan, "Of course we were!"

Elsa and Tom sat side by side in the little cabin of the boat while the others laughed and talked all around. Almost overhead Elsa could hear Phil's voice.

"Where's Elsa?" he asked.

Nancy's voice joined his. "She and Tom were in swimming!" she said. "Imagine!"

"Well . . ." Phil's voice drawled. "Sit down, Nan. You know, you certainly do seem to be growing up!"

Elsa giggled.

"What's the matter?" Tom looked concerned.

"I was just laughing," Elsa said, "at an old joke."

"Else," Tom said quietly, "what made you jump in like that? I could hardly believe my eyes—you deserting your dream man like that!"

Elsa smiled at him. "You want to know something?" she whispered. "He's not a dream man—he's a bore! I'm just beginning to realize it."

Tom laughed softly. "I've been waiting for you to discover that," he said. He grinned at her. "I knew that you would some day."

One of the fishermen stuck his head into the cabin.

"This is it!" he said to Tom.

Tom jumped up.

"Come on, Else!" he said. "You and I are going to catch the biggest fish in the history of the Point!"

THE END

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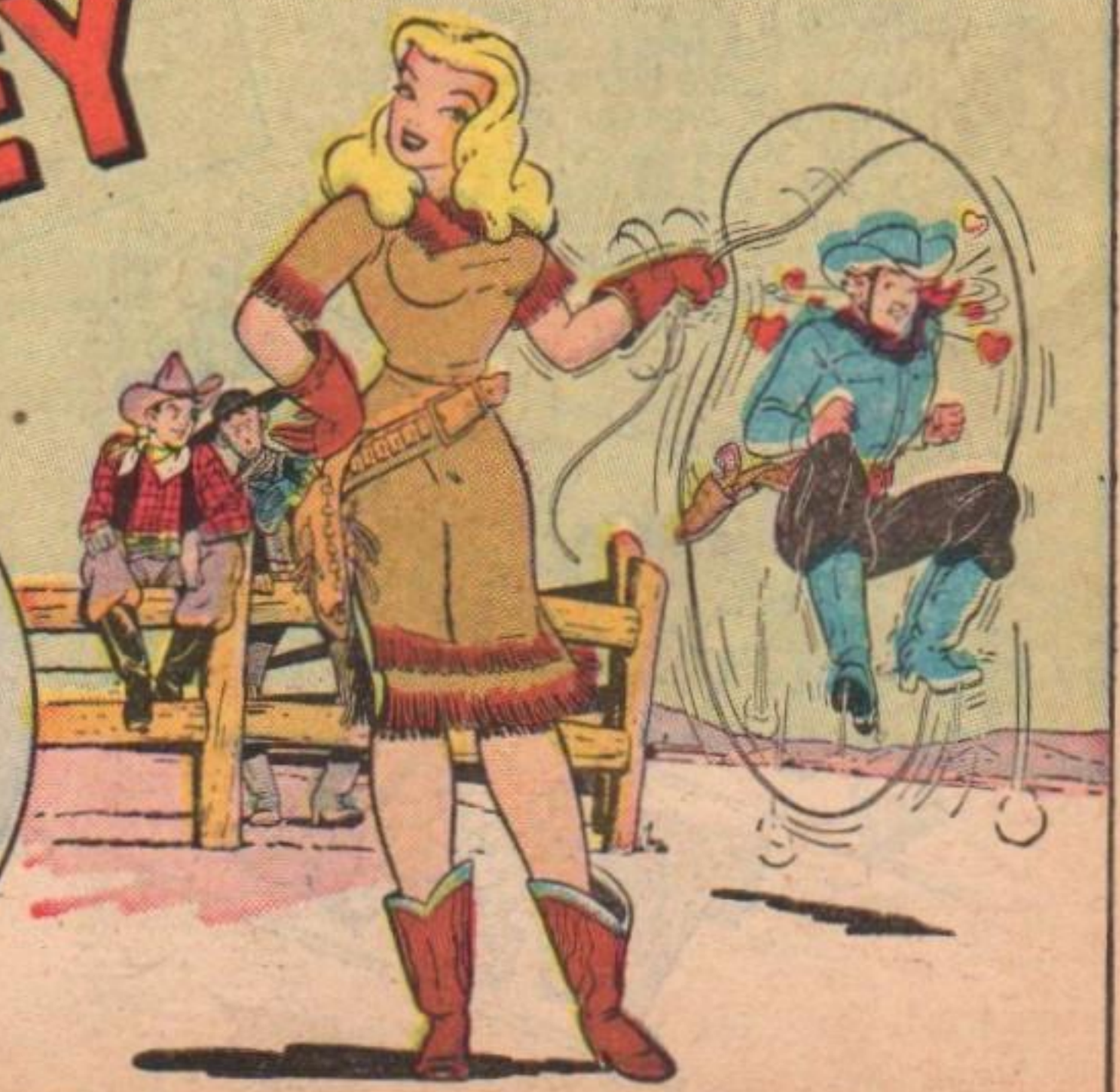

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